

BLOCKPRINT

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Cover by,
julie taylor, soph., textile des.
Poetry by,
bruce klockars

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EDITORIAL

ABOUT FACULTY SALARY

The median faculty salary at the School of Design is, at this time, about \$8,000. This fits roughly into the lower 25% bracket of a nationwide survey concerning the salary of college faculties.

In the resignation speech of Dr. Albert Bush-Brown, there was mention that the trustees "were not ready" for the President's plans for the school.

Part of these plans was to increase the salary of the faculty and to hire the most talented faculty that this school could possibly afford; but the trustees are not ready. Are they not ready to give us, the students, a top-notch faculty? Is it not the function of this institution to give us the best design education possible?

Despite our soaring tuition and swelling budget, two-thirds of our faculty have miraculously managed to live on this \$8,000. With the rising cost of living and the taxes always rising, it seems next to impossible for a faculty member to live. One solution would be for a faculty member to pack his bags and go off to some ivy-covered school where he can receive a substantially

larger salary. Brown University is now planning to build a "college of art". They can afford to pay a higher salary to instructors. The only choice open to the two-thirds if they feel the financial strain too strong would be to resign for a higher salary somewhere else.

Can the School of Design afford to lose a good instructor merely because the board of trustees is not ready to raise the faculty salary?

I ask you, could we afford to lose instructors of the calibre of a Robert Jungles, a Harry Callahan, a Mr. La Farge, a Mr. Bailey, a Mrs. Lamb, a Mr. Gear or a Mr. Rollins? (It would be foolish for us to answer these questions for you.)

There is only one thing that the students can pray for: *Loyalty*.

The fate of our education is at stake. If the faculty does thin out in the future months, the future of RISD as a top art school is dim. The only replacements we could get would be second-rate compared to what we have with us now; a second-rate faculty is a second-rate education. Can we afford that?

Three bloated mice
like miniature pregnant swine
pull their heavy bodies across the surface of a mirror,
fall mindlessly into it
and slowly thinning til death
bring their fall to a stop.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Recently rumors have been floating around our campus to the possibility that RISD might be changed from the present two semester year to that of a tri-semester year. Generally referred to as the 4-1-4 calendar, such a year is divided into three terms, a Fall term ending shortly before Christmas; a January term of a month's duration; and a Spring term beginning early in February and ending in May.

The significant factor in such a change is of course the January term. This provides for a student's taking one course or an independent study project for the month. It seems that this should be an essential part of the curriculum of an art school, for let's face it, most if not all RISDites very often get bogged down and hung up by the monotony and frustrations of our introspective existence here. There comes the time when each of us feels that he simply has to get out of it, to get away, and in desperation he runs to New York or Boston to have some fun, to view with enjoyment Art Shows, but mainly just to forget about RISD completely for a few days.

A more important result of such a change would be a greater freedom for each student to shape his course of study and, with the help of an advisor, to meet his present needs and future goals. There seems no reason why students should not be able, once a year, to go out and do something that he always wanted to do, but could never find the time, or to go out into the experienced, competitive world to learn exactly with what he will be faced after graduation.

For example, one could switch to a completely different department within the school, or, in a broader sense, apparel designers enter fashion houses; architects take extensive field trips throughout the country; teachers go to national seminars; the possibilities seem unlimited.

This project could become the most imaginative and stimulating aspect of our education here at RISD, and it seems that it has been neglected for too long. We need to get away, to find

a new horizon for our ideas, and especially when this will be a program strictly controlled and regulated by the school, what can it have going against it?

Chris Santos

Daer miSS Krackzynskiwitz,

Re: your letter of the fifth of May.

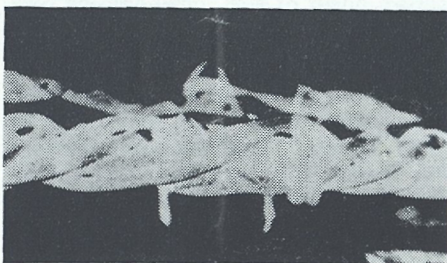
She would like you to reimburse her for the scotch but the other bottle contained formaldehyde and she really has no use for it.

Yours tryle

Eberhart, Crane, Discordia, Schultz, Hockmeyer, Cramden and Ed., Atts.

P.S.

If you receive this letter before you are dead, you are at our suggestion, to see a physician. If not; please disregard.



717C North A Street
Lampoo, California 93436
January 8, 1968

Dear Sir:

My wife and I have just moved to California and are opening a shop dealing in selective paintings, graphics, sculpture, and ceramics. The shop is located in Solvang, a town made up of several gift shops and one or two galleries. It draws its clientele from neighboring Santa Barbara as well as from Los Angeles, 130 miles south. If any student is interested in having his work exhibited and sold by us, we would be happy to discuss it further with him if he would send examples of it by photos or slides.

Sincerely yours,

Michael A. Priete
Class of 1960

SCHOLARSHIPS

A special opportunity for scholarship study in Europe is being offered under the auspices of the Scandinavian Seminar, and American organization which since 1949 has enrolled college students and other adults for study in Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden at the unique Scandinavian residential schools known as "flokhogskolor".

Young Americans and Canadians of Swedish descent may apply for one of the 22 scholarships given by the Swedish Folk High Schools for participation in the Seminar program, comprising nine months of study and living in Sweden, from August 1968 to May 1969.

The Seminar academic year consists of family stays, intensive language instruction, individual tutoring, a wide curriculum of liberal arts studies at the Folk High Schools, as well as special rates in an Independent Study Project in the student's special field. Many major American colleges and universities give partial or full credit for the Seminar year.

Each \$500. scholarship covers one-fourth of the Seminar's total fee of \$2,000 and includes transportation from New York to Sweden, language materials, tuition, board and room for the academic year.

For more information please write to Scandinavian Seminar, 140 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10019.

Like cows with bursting udders,
They move to their appointed place,
And for some reason that they do not know,

They move at the appointed time,
As something that is hazy and indistinct.
Bellows of pain fall unheard.

The herders do not come;
There is no one to lead.
They will burst like over-ripened apples
And their carcasses will stand in the ordered path.

And others,
As if still waiting, shrunken
By the sun, hidestrips will hang from
The white rib cages, filled with sand.
Faint traces of what was once alive
Permeate the soil's crust,
Still waiting.

"... The future prospects for retention of quality faculty and high level professional education seem bleak."

That statement was made by Ronald Binks, Head of Sophomore Design, at a faculty meeting held Dec. 14, 1967. It refers to a problem facing RISD that would directly affect you as students: the loss of our best instructors because of insufficient salaries.

The financial situation of a private art school isn't rosy to begin with. But what Mr. Binks was concerned about was how our money is being used.

"The total expended budget of Rhode Island School of Design has doubled in five years. During this period the expenditures for non-teaching activities (administration, maintenance, auxiliary activities) has increased greatly. In the fiscal year ending June 1967 the instructional costs accounted for 45 percent of the budget of education and general expenses while all other services (non-teaching) of this category were 55 percent of the total \$2,465.19. Presently there are two non-teaching personnel for every faculty member. The trend of expansion in every non-teaching area of the school coupled with a requested reduction of existing faculty represents an alarming situation. The primary purpose of Rhode Island School of Design is to educate students in the design professions, yet the emphasis exhibited in budgetary and staffing decisions rests on the non-faculty services. There have been three tuition increases in the past five years. The faculty has received a small portion of these new increments; the major amounts have been used to meet rising costs of the institution's non-instructional services, and administrative activities. It is doubtful that future tuition increases will yield significant additional revenue for faculty salaries given the extra-educational expenditures the School has established."

At that same meeting, Dr. Thomas Reed, Chairman of the Liberal Arts Division, made the following remarks:

"I am fully convinced that President Bush-Brown presented to the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees last month as forcefully as he can the necessity of the acquisition of large sums

of money for the improvement of this college, in terms of program, buildings, facilities, and faculty salaries. The question arises whether any other president can present the case more strongly in the future."

"It seems clear," continued Dr. Reed, "that the Executive Committee does not consider the President's requests 'realistic' at the present time."

"Now the faculty must ask itself whether the reasons which brought about the President's resignation are not equally demanding of decisive faculty response according to the individual convictions of its members."

"Many of us now will be convinced that any hopes we may have had recently for significantly increased salaries are destroyed by the lack of positive action on the part of the Executive Committee. We may believe that only the loss to RISD of good faculty in significant numbers will stir the Trustees to action. We may no longer feel justified in gambling the futures of our families on words or on the chance of a change in the intent and action of the Trustees. Those faculty members who reason this way will, and in my opinion should, begin right now to seek jobs with better futures."

"Further, as chairman of one of the divisions of the college, I must make clear to its members the nature of the

choice we face, as I understand it and as I have tried to outline it here. Finally, I cannot in conscience urge good prospective faculty replacements to come here, and if my inability to do this makes me unfit to hold the position of division chairman or department head I urge the President to separate me from either of these responsibilities as soon as convenient."

ART AND THE STUDENT

PART II

As stated in part one, personal initiative is paramount for a successful attack on the art evils of our time . . . if you're not happy, do something. A group of people formed HYDRA to do just that, and so did Bill Hall, a sophomore illustrator. Last summer Bill conceived and carried out to fruition his art shop/gallery "Fat City". Instead of spending his summer working for the Podunk Sanitation Dept. or Camp Wadafucarwe, Bill decided to open a gallery on Block Island. Needless to say, the red tape was plentiful. First came the hunt to find a place that was rentable and not violating a zoning law. After that, an application for a retail license, which was eventually procured. Insurance was obtained that covered the contents and building. The building then had to be cleaned out and paneled. After considerable work, "Fat City" finally opened in the middle of June, offering RISD art by faculty and students, a few professional artists, limited framing, and art supplies.

Despite poor weather and consequently a poor tourist season, the gallery was profitable. Bill said that even without a profit, the summer was rewarding and really fun — a "fat city" summer. With a year's experience behind him and with better weather and more artwork to sell, the gallery should be firmly established. It took a lot of work and dedication, but hell, we're all supposed to be "dedicated artists." It's time to quit bitching and time to act as HYDRA and Bill have done.

Gerald Del Monte

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PEACE CORPS

WASHINGTON — The Peace Corps, Director Jack Vaughn said Saturday, plans to use a new "Language Saturation Technique" it claims can teach a Volunteer to speak a foreign language in four weeks nearly as well as many language majors do after four years of college.

The new method will step up an already intensive language training program for the 8,000 trainees who will be prepared for Peace Corps service in 57 nations during 1968.

Starting this spring, all trainees will be put through this method — dubbed "LST" for short — which calls for an around-the-clock language learning environment for the first four weeks of their three-month training period.

Last month the U.S. Office of Education said tests show that the average American college student majoring in a foreign language can adequately read and write after four years, but can speak it with only a "limited working proficiency."

"We have found," said Vaughn, "that some Volunteers learn to speak a new language in four weeks as well as many of the college language majors do after four years."

"And many more speak that well after 12 weeks."

The Peace Corps has taught more than 140 different languages, believed to be more than anybody else.

Some Volunteers have to learn not only the official language of the country — say French in former French colonies of Africa, but also the tongue spoken by the people with whom they will work — like Bobo, Twi and Tumbuka.

(Bobo is spoken in Upper Volta, Twi in Ghana and Tumbuka in Malawi.)

Volunteers used to get about 100 hours of language instruction. Now they will get at least three times that. Some will get as much as 400 or 500 hours in 12 weeks.

Language classes used to run from three to six hours a day, five days a week. Now they will get a minimum of eight hours a day, six days a week, for the first four weeks.

That's roughly 200 hours in one month — or more than most college students get in one year.

After the first four weeks of the LST method, trainees will spread out the rest of their 100-300 hours, with

instruction about four hours a day — depending on the need. The rest of the time will be spent in developing technical skills and knowledge of the new country's culture.

"But for the first four weeks," said Allan Kulakow, director of Peace Corps language training, "we will focus entirely on language, not only during class, but outside the classroom, at meals, and during other activities."

"We tried this out last summer and fall," Kulakow said, "and were very impressed by the results. Even though it was intense, demanding — a saturation, almost, of language — most of the trainees maintained their enthusiasm."

He said: "This high-intensity early training appears especially good for trainees with average language aptitude. And those who are already proficient to some degree can achieve their language requirement quickly and move on to a second language or skill training."

The Peace Corps has always emphasized language training. "After all," said Vaughn, who used to teach modern languages in college and speaks Spanish and French like a native, "we go to a host country to help people help themselves."

"And no matter how idealistically motivated you are, you've got to be able to establish close working relationships with these people — and if you can't speak their language, you can't do it."

One of the saturation classes last fall was a group of 70 who went to Lesotho in Africa the first of the year. Before they had finished their 12-week training period, they were tested on fluency in the native tongue, Sesotho, and rated on the Foreign Service Institute scale — S-1, S-2, S-3, S-4 and S-5.

Forty five — or 64 per cent — achieved the S-2 rating, a "limited working proficiency."

"That is the same rating the education office said average language majors achieved after four years," Vaughn said.

The rest of the Lesotho group were rated S-1, but most of them were S-1-plus, which is pretty close to S-2.

The S-1 Foreign Service Institute rating means you can handle elementary conversation and situations. S-2 means you can take care of most social and work situations. S-3 means you

can handle with ease and S-4 means you are fluent. S-5 means you're bilingual — virtually a native.

Volunteers have not been expected to achieve a professional speaking proficiency — an S-3 rating — during training, but most of them do after they get overseas.

The Peace Corps tried out this saturation technique with eight training groups last summer and fall and, Vaughn said, the results were sufficiently encouraging for him to adopt the new method for all trainees this spring.

With the new method aimed at helping Volunteers to fit into their new country even faster than before, Vaughn said: "I expect they'll be able to hit the ground running when they get overseas."

TRINITY SQUARE

The Trinity Square Repertory Company will present as its fifth production of the current season Henrik Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" in a new adaptation by Arthur Miller.

Opening March 21 for an engagement through April 13, the drama by the Norwegian playwright will be directed by Adrian Hall and presented at the Rhode Island School of Design Theatre.

"An Enemy of the People" is also the third production this season for Project Discovery which thus far this year has presented Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest". The Wilde comedy continues to play at the School of Design Theatre for 40,000 Rhode Island high school students.

"An Enemy of the People" fills the spot left by the cancellation of the previously announced "The Little Foxes" by Lillian Hellman, which will not be presented by the Trinity Company this season.

The cast for the Ibsen play will be announced shortly. Currently, the Trinity Company is preparing for the world premiere production of a new play about Oscar Wilde, "Years of the Locust", by British playwright Norman Holland, opening February 8 at the Trinity Square Playhouse.



So, for what seemed to be a long time, Winnie and Korina just lolled about oogling in the grass. Suddenly Korina's ears started squiddling. "Hmmm . . .," murmured Winnie, "I know that sign!" Winnie pushed away the ferns and leaves and weeds and Korina had indeed found something. It was round and sparkled; it was sandy and crumbly. In the center there was what appeared to be an almond nut. Upon much thought of her "old life" Winnie recalled that the Chinese food shops displayed such items. It was in



fact a Chinese Almond Cookie — Winnie had had several in her day. And so begins the

"Experience of the Almond Cookie"

In view of the fact that neither of the adventurers were hungry (they were always nibbling on the shrubbery) they decided to put the "find" in Winnie's satchel and save it. Both Winnie and Korina had become very preceptive during their stay in the forest and they had the inkling that this shining cookie might be some sort of magic device.

With this treasure, the two decided it was time to set off for other places. They had been staying on this one lovely plateau, but they saw greater colored lands not far away, and then, of course, in the purple haze, they saw the glowing peaks!

"Yes," sighed Winnie, "we must move on." They gathered some more purple petals and weeds to sustain themselves and floated off.

That night, Winnie and Korina discovered a sort of tree. There were leaves flowing and winding to the ground. As it was cool and misty, they decided it would be a comforting place to nod and dream — and sleep.

As dawn came they were disturbed by a wriggling at their bodies. They awoke to find furry wormy creatures twisting into Winnie's satchel.

Winifred, being a very possessive child, sat up authoritatively and implored: "Just what do you odd squiggles think you're scouting for. I suggest you squirm away before I become irritated!" (She then yawned and Korina sighed a purr — she wasn't used to saying so many strong words!)

Korina and Winnie listened for a reply to their demand, but all they could interpret from the squeals was something about the

Sleeping Silver Serpent —

As I have mentioned, Winifred was thinking very fast nowadays. She immediately realized the identity of their magic possession. (For those of you who may not be in touch with the legend of the Sleeping Silver Serpent, he is a malicious creature who was put to sleep by the Queen Bee for trying to invade her hive). When the Serpent opened his greasy mouth to yawn, Winnie expertly popped a purple petal into his mouth.

Within minutes, the silver uncoiled and started writhing. His eyes shone and penetrated the mist. His tongue twisted and yelped for more. Winnie fed him again. The silver scales started to flake and fall, and lo and behold there appeared underneath a new happy skin, purple in color, obviously. The

malice was gone. The serpent smiled (if you can imagine that)!

Winnie and Korina renamed him The Purple Precious — and invited this new spirit to join them on their trip to the glowing peaks beyond. This was a marvelous advantage, for suddenly the Precious stretched, sprouted wings and told them to hop aboard. He would take them to even greater lands.

(To Be Continued)

DEAR CHICKENHEARTS



I was born at the age of six in a small but tiny village in my mother's stomach. At a ripe small age, I was a child when I was bitten by a rabbit chicken foaming at the back yard in the beak. Ever since, at the sight of a full mouth, I go wild and turn into a can of Green Giant Mexicorn. Also I become progressed and inverted. (resulting in chagrin). Anyway since then I have had the keen insight of hindsight seeing that's where I was bitten to begin with. And that's how come it is that this is why I am writing a thing called Chickenhearts.

Of course, this that it is, I am, Chickenhearts, caught sometimes by a moonlight quickly rolling down Waterman some one late night. It is so gross becoming a can of vegetables all on a how come of a mad chicken. Never-the-less, normal day hours, being human once again, I will tempt your most luscious letters with devoid answers. So, people of the hill with problems, please write on to me. I will answer all although I personally know very much. Thank you toots. I will be here again next week with letters.

O TAB; O GLORIOUS TAB; O WONDEROUS STATE OF MIND

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS YET UN-ANSWERED. IN WHICH WE FULFILL THE PATHETIC PLEAS OF THE LESS KNOWING.

TAB will be the weekend of the 23, 24, and 25 of February (Lo, this very self-same February in which we are now engaged) and cost nine dollars and fifty cents (cheap) per person. Rather than apologies for the price, let me tell you, we attempted to double it, both that we might at least break even, and lest you, blinded by the paltry sum, refuse to believe the extraordinary magnitude of the entertainment we have arranged. It will consist as follows:

Friday — TAB show — \$2.00

Semi-formal — \$1.00

Saturday — Formal — \$3.00

Sunday — Concert — \$3.00

Spectacular contents to be announced later.

Tickets will be on sale at the SAO. (back of bank building, entrance at back off little parking lot behind Mem. Hall through arch in College Building).

On clothing. Loathe as we are to inflict standards of dress, we would be spared your company (indeed, if forced, we will by violence spare ourselves of it) if you fail to show even token gestures of formality. We would be the last to harass you for lack of an official tuxedo; and the first to throw you out for jeans. Don't pull the arty-don't-have-anything-else stuff. We don't really care. And the semiformal must be considered more than another refectory dance. Or beware.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS YET UN-ASKED, IN WHICH WE WILL DELVE INTO THE NEEDS OF THE DEPRAVED MIND, AND PANDER TO THEM.

Those unacquainted with TAB will find primary concern in the supplying of themselves with a constant stream of liquor. I will not attempt, at so late a date, to dissuade you from demon alcohol's intemperate embrace. If you must so indulge, and so abuse thyself, then go ahead, kid, go ahead. It's your own life. But do not blame me when your children are born blind. But I can well speak of economy, if not temperance. Drinks at the Biltmore ballroom must be bought from their bar. (That's why we got the place so cheap.) And

that bar is, if not excessively age conscious, expensive. So if fifty cent beer makes you sick, and dollar drinks keep you sobered, you have two alternatives. Smuggle a flask under your armpit. (The resulting drink, they tell me, excites some girls. Yours, maybe.) Or, get about ten guys and rent a room in the hotel for Friday and Saturday night at about ten dollars. You can keep your cheap booze (purchased, of course, at Roz and Jack's, alias, Colonial Drugs; there is no place finer, nor as modestly priced.) There, have elegant parties, stable passed out dates, thus leaving your evening intact, and it comes out to only the price of one drink per night, per guy. Also for doG's sake, if you can't afford a date, find some girl who will pay her share !! It's not too much to ask her (or even him) and they'd certainly rather go than stay home all night cold and lonely.

Also, let not the booze run dry Saturday night. That, and blankets, are what make the Sunday concert more than a Brownie drag. It's always easier to dispose of unneeded booze Sunday than to find more.

If you have any questions, please write, care of Blockprint.

"Some Killings: An Evening of New American Theatre by James Leo Herlihy" are the next production by Theatre Company of Boston. The three one-act plays is being presented from February 1 through February 11 at Theatre Company's Playhouse, 136 Massachusetts Ave.

An actor as well as an author, Herlihy performed in "The Caretaker" and "The Zoo Story" at TCB. His writing includes the Broadway hit "Blue Denim," the novels "All Fall Down" and "Midnight Cowboy," and, most recently, "A Story that Ends with a Scream and Eight Others."

Herlihy's one-act plays are receiving their world premiere at Theatre Company of Boston. According to TCB's director David Wheeler, "Herlihy is a fascinating, talented writer who not only knows what's happening but can vividly

describe this contemporary scene. We're very excited about giving Boston audiences this chance to see his work."

Performing in "Some Killings" are Larry Bryggman, Roberta Collinge, Laurie Gould, Gustave Johnson, and James Spruill.

Tickets are now available at Theatre Company of Boston's Box Office, 136 Massachusetts Ave. or Phone 426-6609.

A feeling bounces
Flattening at impact
And flies to be flattened again
A rush of earthy air invades the nostrils;
A whistful wave of dripping sentiment
finds a host in the pits of stomachs.
The nauseous green feeds and gnaws
On the waste of winter.
The guts of nature work into the air
And the wind carries its scent
Into the waterhole.
Where it has a quiet evolution,
becoming a parasite
Feeding on the soul.

FOR DEMOCRACY!
(A SNOW BALL ON PARNASSUS HILL)
FROSTBITE WIELDED BEFORE THE
THAW,
AND THE WATER MAY NEVER BE
SMOTHERED
BY SCAR TISSUE.

A BALD EAGLE DIES
AND A THOUSAND CARDINALS
CONVENE ON ROME
THEY SQUAWK AND BILL
UNTIL THE AIR FILLS WITH SMOKE
AND SATISFIED WITH THEIR OWN
FEATHERS
THEY DEPART WITH NEW SONGS
AND THE BIRDS AROUND THE WORLD
WILL SCREECH UPON THE HEARING
OF THE NEWS
UNTIL THE OLD SONGS ARE FORGOT.

"POPPY"

William Claude Dunkenfield was born in the Germantown district of Philadelphia in 1897. His father was an English immigrant who provided for his family by hawking fruits and vegetables. The young Dunkenfield (or "Whitey" as he preferred to be called) was often obliged to accompany his father on the job. The youngster would yell out the vegetables for sale with a nasal drawl meant to imitate and aggravate the elder Dunkenfield.

"Whitey" often skipped school to

watch the performances in a nearby vaudeville house. He resolved to learn the art of juggling by studying the performers and by practicing at home with his father's fruits. This led to greater hostilities between father and son. Ultimately, Whitey crowned his father with a wooden crate and ran away to live off friends at the Orlando Social Club, as well as at various Philadelphia saloons.

It was during these lean years that the youngster developed his "grand

manner," reeking of fraud. Envious youths beat him up regularly. His nose swelled up like one of his father's over-ripe tomatoes. Dunkenfield's drinking did nothing to alleviate the condition.

However, Dunkenfield continued to practice his juggling and became clever and adroit enough to go into show business. At first, he had himself billed as "Whitey, the Boy Wonder" but later changed it to "W. C. Fields, the Tramp Juggler" as his fame spread throughout the vaudeville circuits.

In 1915, Fields graduated to the legitimate stage in Zeigfield's Follies. About two years later, producer Philip Goodman offered Fields the part of Eustace McGargle in a musical comedy called "Poppy." Odd-sounding names had always appealed to the comic juggler, and he took the part.

"Poppy" went into production and opened at the New Appollo Theater in the fall of 1923. Of Fields' performance the N.Y. Tribune proclaimed, "We suspect him to be the funniest man in town since Will Rogers went away."

Soon after the success of "Poppy" the triumphant juggler turned actor was signed by Paramount Pictures to star in a silent film version. "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925) was directed by none other than D. W. Griffith and marked W. C. Fields' first appearance before cinema audiences.

Ten years later Paramount remade "Poppy". But this time only the dialogue, music and title remained intact.

Unfortunately Fields was the worse for wear at thirty-eight. He was ill throughout the filming of "Poppy" and hardly was able to walk. Director Eddie Sutherland recalled, "Bill was only in a few scenes. We had to use his double, Johnny Sinclair, in every thing but the close-ups." Shortly after the film's completion, Fields contracted pneumonia.

The comedian recovered soon enough to make several more films for Universal, including "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," 1938, "The Bank Dick," 1941, and "Never give a Sucker an Even Break," 1941. But Field's rugged living caught up with him, weakening his constitution. On Christmas Day 1946 "the most authentic humorist since Mark Twain passed away."

Dana B. Larabee





The Aquarian Age, or Suddenly It's Easier to Love More Than Just Your Pet Dog.

America has been opening her eyes and is about to break into a fourteen year laugh. It started last year as love-ins, hippies, peace marches, turning on your friends, and listening to Sgt. Pepper. Now it's gaining momentum, everybody is tuning into a fantastic spiritual high and realizing with a laugh, "Wow! I'm alive!" And this is the beginning.

Last year, Uranus, our ruling planet, swung into a position of world-wide influence, and began, for us Americans, the Aquarian Age. It was Uranus' unifying force behind us as we grew from thirteen colonies to the most powerful country in the world. And now, at the height of our materialism, it is Uranus' humanitarian force that will make America the leader in the arts and spiritual liberation.

All the civilizations of the world, as the planets revolve, go through astrological cycles, yet one stands out as a symbolic force of each culture. The Assyrian's height was in their Age of Leo, the Lion, symbolizing a noble, conquering civilization. Taurus was the sign of the Egyptians, Aries of the Jews, and Gemini of the Greeks. America has been through several distinct cycles; for example, the Plutonian Age of the 20's noted for underground crime and violence. Now we have entered the age of our ruling planet, the love sign of Aquarius, and the height of our civilization.

These next fourteen years could be the most beautiful of our lives. The whole message of Aquarius is Love — and just look around you and inside of you. It's really happening! The color of Aquarius is green, the color of, other than money, going ahead, the ocean's waves, wild grass, pistachio ice cream, and the whole emotional realm. Wow! It's quite a thing!

Peggy

YOU LOVELESS SWINE
 YOU HYPOCRITES
 YOU GUTLESS WONDERS
 YOU ORBS OF HEAVY GOLD
 POINTING YOURSELVES TO ART
 BECAUSE IT RELEASES YOU FROM
 THE BONDS OF YOUR OWN FACADE
 YOUR IMPATIENCE IS POIGNANT IN A
 BRUSH
 YOU SORICENE PINNACLES BUILT ON
 SOPPY WASTE
 USE YOUR MATTE KNIVES ON YOUR-
 SELVES
 ON YOUR ECTYPAL IMAGES OF HON-
 ESTY
 AND DARE TO BE WHAT YOU ARE
 YOU LIARS
 YOU STEAL FROM THEM
 ALL OF THEM
 AND YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH
 WHAT THEY WANT BUT YOU TAKE IT
 ANYWAY, ANY WAY.
 YOU MUCKY KIDS
 THEY SUFFER FOR YOU
 AND ANYONE WHO KNOWS YOU AND
 DOES NOT,
 HURTS HIMSELF FOR BELIEVING.
 BUT YOU ARE MERCY
 LESS
 AND GO ON PRUNING
 UNTIL THE DEATH OF THE BRANCHES
 IS THE DEATH OF THE TREE
 AND YOUR CHILDREN IMAGES
 WILL CUT AWAY AT THEIR LIFE FORM
 IMAGES OF IMAGES OF IMAGES
 BE CAREFUL! OR YOU MAY RULE THE
 WORLD OF NOTHING.



CALENDAR

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5

5:15 — Faculty Lounge - Meeting of the College Alumni Chapter

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6

10:00 a.m. — Faculty Lounge - Liberal Arts Visiting Committee Meeting

12:00 noon — Gym - Dance Class
1:00 p.m. — Student Lounge - Tape Forum

3:00 p.m. — 432 C.B. - Sound Workshop

4:00 p.m. — Faculty Lounge - Liberal Arts Visiting Committee

6:30 p.m. — 430 C.B. - Motorcycle Club

9:00 p.m. — Tennis Club - Sign up at the SAO

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8

12:00 noon — Gym - Dance Class

1:00 p.m. — Student Lounge - Tape Forum

6:00 p.m. — Boys Club - Swimming

7:30 p.m. — Memorial Hall - Films: "Poppy" - "Jammin' the Blues"

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9

10:15 a.m. — Faculty Lounge - Fine Arts Visiting Committee

8:00 p.m. — Tennis Club - Sign up at the SAO

8:00 p.m. — RISD Auditorium - RISD Chamber Music Concert Trio Sponsored by Newman Club — Admission free

9:30 p.m. — Homer Lounge - After Concert Coffee Hour — Sponsored by Newman Club

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11

2:30 p.m. — Memorial Hall — Museum film:

" 'Murder,' She Said"

7:00 p.m. — Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

7:00 p.m. — Meehan Auditorium - Hockey Practice



ANNOUNCEMENTS

ATTENTION — Will the person who removed the BLOCKPRINT tape recorder from the BP office, please return it. It is necessary to our production. Leave it at the SAO; no questions asked.

WORDS FOR THE WISE

"Blow your cool every once in a while."

— Joel Perlstein

Too much it seems has past at times
to bend before the royal oak
But trees are not the lifeless mind
who struggles like the vine to hide
And nails driven in the bark
are snapping bees
Who in their hunger wrack
a gluey doom indeed
But more than that, the tree
may die and stand an empty shell
And balding leaf by ones shall count
the maiden spirit to its end.

FEB. 23, 24, 25

T A B

**MAKE NO OTHER
CONFLICTING
PLANS!**

T A B

**ACCEPT NO
SUBSTITUTES!
TICKETS AT SAO!**

